

THE LITERARY JOURNAL, AND WEEKLY REGISTER OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH KNOWLES AND CO. AT NUMBER NINE, MARKET-SQUARE; WHERE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE RECEIVED.

VOL. I.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1834.

NO. 85.

Miscellaneous.

DEBATE

IN THE LONDON MEDICAL SOCIETY, ON THE CAUSE OF THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

[Our thirty-second number contains the statements made before the London Medical Society, by Dr. Tytler, in proof of his theory respecting the origin of the Cholera. We now give a portion of the debate which ensued.]

Dr. Whiting.—The Society, Sir, is never better employed than in receiving and attending to facts connected with Medicine, and especially when relating to the disease now under its consideration. We are deeply indebted to this gentleman for laying these statements before the Society, and, through the Society, I presume, before the Profession. We are not, it is true, prepared to say that the consumption of rice has been the cause of Cholera in this country, for we are as yet incapable of pronouncing a decided opinion on the subject, our attention having never before been called to it; but now that these facts are before us, we can endeavor, should the unhappy necessity, which Heaven forbid, again occur in this country, to ascertain what share rice has in its production. On looking back, however, I do not remember a single case here, in which it has been said or surmised that rice was eaten prior to the appearance of the disease. Rice, certainly, may not have been thought of, for we are accustomed to regard it as a harmless grain, but I think I know some instances in which no rice had been used. Yet it may have been. On a future day, however, some certain conclusion may be arrived at, on this highly important question.

Dr. Johnson.—Not having been present last evening, I do not know that I ought to make any remarks on what has fallen to-night from Dr. Tytler, as he may on the former occasion have used many ingenious arguments in support of his views, of which I am ignorant. But I should like to know how he explains the facts, of Cholera having run all along one bank of a river, and not touched the inhabitants of the other—of its having committed extensive ravages in one wing of an army, and left the other free—of its having severely raged on one side of a street, and not on the other—the people in each instance all using the same kind of diet? These things are very difficult to reconcile with Dr. Tytler's statements. When the doctrine of pernicious rice was broached and strongly maintained, by the able and acute gentleman before us, in India, it made no kind of impression there. Indeed, I do not recollect one single convert to his views. In the three Medical Reports from the three Presidencies, nothing whatever was said of them; they were merely alluded to as peculiar opinions. How strange, also, it is, that amid all the free trading with England, it should not have broken out here before 1831, and that even then it should first have appeared in Sunderland—a town which has very little direct communication with the East—and should have spared London for five or six months! Moreover, Cholera has prevailed in many places where rice has scarcely even been known. I, myself, saw cases of Cholera in huts in the Highlands of Scotland, the inhabitants of which would not have known rice had they seen it, and where the families lived almost entirely on oatmeal. The disease behaved with the same rudeness in Ireland, where they have only potatoes and buttermilk. It crossed over to America, and raged far worse there than it did here. Dr. Tytler will say, "It was because they ate rice there;" but I reply, They have no occasion to use a grain of bad rice in America; for it is well known that the Carolina rice is the very best in the world. In short, sir, I have not this night heard a single fact which induces me to believe that rice produces Cholera; but, on the contrary, I have as good reasoning as Dr. Tytler for saying that Cholera produces rice, in proof of which I might refer to the rice-water deposits which notoriously result from the disease. (Laughter around.)

Dr. Tytler.—May I answer that gentleman? In the first place, then, I will reply to his question about its appearing in one wing of a regiment, and not in another, when marching; by reading the following extract from the *Calcutta Journal* of October 7, 1819:—"A part of the Bengal force, with some of the Madras troops, were detached to Canada, when, on their return, they discovered that ottah was not procurable; consequently they lived for about six days almost entirely upon rice. The first march they made on their return, the Cholera appeared in the detachment, and continued to rage with great fury for ten days afterwards." And this was written by an adversary, who, struck with the force of the fact, told me to make the most of it. As to his objection respecting the two sides of a street, why the fact is, that in

such instances the people on one side, had eaten the diseased rice; and those on the other, had not. (Laughter.) The fact is, sir, in short, that to the great influence which Dr. Johnson's writings have had in India, is owing much of the circumstance that the extraordinary facts which I have now laid before this Society, maintained no footing there after he had pronounced an opinion against them in his *Journal*. When Dr. Johnson received my statements and papers, he wrote in his "*Medico-Chirurgical Review*," for October, 1818—"Dr. Tytler, here and throughout the paper, labors to trace the cause of this epidemic to damaged rice; but the reasonings are so bad and the facts so dubious, that we entirely omit them." I say that Dr. Johnson's authority is nearly predominant there, and he pronounced against my statements. Hence to Dr. Johnson, and to Dr. Johnson only (with great warmth) do I, in a great measure, ascribe the spread of the Cholera subsequent to my discoveries. Then as to the rice-water deposits showing that "Cholera produces rice," why, ah! ah! I might say, how came these to exist at all, if no rice was taken? I wished, gentlemen, to refer as little as possible to Official Reports during this investigation, but as Dr. Johnson has quoted them in the Madras and Bengal Reports, I must do so. In the first place Dr. Johnson will find, in the Madras Medical Board Report, that my opinion is alluded to; and in the Bengal Report, it is stated, that "much bad rice grew in 1817;" and in the introduction to that Report, is mentioned the irruption of a disease which destroyed Col. Pearce's detachment in 1781. From the statement given in the Medical Board's Report, there is no question that that disease was the same as that which appeared at Jessore in 1817. Yet, in the Report, no mention is made of bad rice being eaten, although it has since come out by means of the *Indian Military Repository*—a work, in the publication of which I had no concern—that Col. Pearce, in 1781, actually complained officially, that the red rice which was then supplied to his troops, was "of a very inferior and prejudicial quality, and produced violent pains in their bowels." It is not necessary that rice should be eaten in the shape of grain.—The rice is eaten in all shapes. It is well bleached, and comes (amongst other forms) in that of flour, which cannot be distinguished from wheat flour, and we know what is done with it then. (Hear, hear.) Besides, here is the *kun* or *koora*, a rank poison, which, when ottah is dear, is mixed with ottah, and eaten by the poor. Dr. Johnson next refers to Ireland. Why, there was a great famine in that country; to relieve which, the people of Liverpool sent cargoes of rice over as gifts, as I read in the papers, and disease naturally followed. Then, as to Cholera in the Highlands; when Dr. Johnson says that rice is never seen there, I have only to say that a Highlander once told me that rice could not be the cause of Cholera, because he was entirely fed when young upon rice, and yet never had the disease. In answer to what Dr. Johnson says about the banks of a river, I reply—(We did not here catch the Doctor's answer; but it was to the effect, that the supply of rice by boats on rivers might take place at the periods in which the disease ensued, in exact accordance with the progress of the boats, and yet be successive as regarded the intervals of its irruption.)

Dr. Johnson.—I am sure Dr. Tytler exonerates me in his heart, from the charge of being so high an authority in India.

Dr. Tytler.—Justly or not, your name stands higher there than that of any other medical writer.

Dr. Johnson.—Well, I can only be gratified at the fact.—As to the occurrence of Cholera on one bank of the river soon after it has appeared all along on the other side only, and not simultaneously with it, it is incumbent on Dr. Tytler to show, in order to account for that, that boats laden with rice were, after going up one side, taken down the other, and had their cargoes sold to the inhabitants on shore. It also lies with Dr. Tytler to show, that a poisonous ottah is made by mixing *kun* therewith, of which we have no proof. Respecting the appearance of the disease amongst the military, also, how can Dr. Tytler account for the fact, that on the removal of the troops a few miles from the spot in which it began amongst them, the disease ceased? And pray how comes it that a gale of wind lately blew the Cholera entirely away from London? Did it blow away rice and flour and all, at the same time?

The President.—I must relieve Dr. Tytler from the onus of accounting for any of the phenomena of the Cholera in this country, because he distinctly said last evening, that he could not pretend to account for the events of a disease which he had not yet seen.

Dr. Tytler.—As to the late gale producing the good effects ascribed to it, that is a mere assumption. I say it was *not* the gale. I went into the grocers' shops, within these few days, and inquired the state of the rice sale, and I was told

that nobody was eating it at this season of the year, but that it would probably come into use again about Christmas.—Why, at Bancorah, the magistrate pursued an opposite course to that of Dr. Johnson; for in that place, the magistrate actually ascribed the production of the Cholera to a gale which occurred at that time, while Dr. Johnson claims for a gale the merit of having destroyed the disease. What can I say more?

Mr. Dendy.—I rise to object to some of the positions of Dr. Tytler, as to the production of Cholera in England, by rice:—

The President.—I must again interfere.

Mr. Dendy.—Well, then, I content myself with saying, that I consider his documents to be of no utility, because they do not show us how to treat the disease in this country. I contend, also, that there is not an identity between the Asiatic disease, and the disease here; on the ground that an almost undeviating symptom here is strangury, while in India, Dr. Tytler says, that was not a symptom of the disease. I consider, too, that Dr. Tytler's communication is defective on this point, that it lays down too decisive a rule as to the cause of the disease. He will have nothing to do with any other cause than rice. Now I have had cases, not only in which no rice had previously been taken, but in which I actually gave rice, and yet the patient recovered. Besides, any diseased grain will produce morbid effects. He mentioned last evening, the cases of a merchant and a Count, who could not eat rice, without experiencing dropsy. Now I consider that the circumstance was merely an instance of that kind of antipathy which is common to some people on eating particular food. I know a lady who cannot swallow five strawberries, without experiencing urticaria. Then as to the cessation of the disease by stopping the consumption of rice, why a mere change of wind will often check it. I attended a family in Knight's-court, in which were two cases of Cholera so far gone that I had not the slightest idea of their living through the night; but the wind changed before morning, and next day one of the patients sat up in the bed and laughed at me. I am sure, in fact, that the deleterious cause is in the atmosphere. Allow me to quote the cases at Clapham, where the opening of a cess-pool produced symptoms in persons exposed to the malaria, which Dr. Latham has since said were precisely such as he afterwards saw in Cholera patients. It was malaria then, and it is malaria now, ingesta of various kinds being the exciting causes. Let me also refer to the observation of Dr. Prout, relative to the extraordinary density of the air just before the irruption of the Cholera here, and also to the circumstance noticed at Pott's vinegar manufactory, where just at the time that the disease appeared in London, there was such a peculiar change in the air, that the fermenting process was impeded, and the whole of the vinegar then making, was obliged to be thrown away. I admire Dr. Tytler's science and his great perseverance, but I wish he had had better facts to ground his views on. We might as well say, that because green-gages in some cases produced the Cholera, the disease should be called "*prunus choleriferus*," as that it should be called "*morbus oryzeus*" in consequence of any thing observed by Dr. Tytler; or that it should be termed "*morbus testudinia*," because some Aldermen happened to have the Cholera after going to a city feast.

Dr. Tytler.—I wish that that gentleman had done me the honor of sticking to my facts instead of quoting so many of his own. I have nothing to do, as the President has said, with the ditch at Clapham, nor with the belly-aches of little boys who eat green plums. I only know, that in a district where ten thousand people died of the Cholera, every man in the jail of that district, who refrained from eating rice, escaped having the disease.

Mr. Dendy.—Does Dr. Tytler believe that the disease in this country is the disease of Asia?

Dr. Tytler.—I cannot tell. I have heard of a disease produced from vinegar-vata, green-gages, and tortoiseshell. That is not the disease I saw in India. The only object I have, in laying these facts before the Society, is, to prove to you what has been the cause of the disease in India. I have studied the cause nowhere else, and therefore cannot pretend to speak of it. I do not want to trace the Cholera every where to rice. I only say, that rice has produced it in the East.—But then, mind, I show you that the very poison which has produced it there—bad rice—is at this moment selling in London as food, at three-half pence a pound. Who can resist the inference! I warn people of eating that food; and will any man in this Society rise, after what he has heard, and after examining the trash I have laid on the table, and say that such stuff as those examples exhibit, is fit for human food? If so, let him proclaim it. If not, let him join me in

my endeavor to banish this poison from the markets of England. (*Applause from all parts of the room.*)

Mr. Proctor.—To my mind, there is reason to believe that Dr. Tytler has fully proved his position. A great deal of interest, however, is taken from the facts, in consequence of Dr. Tytler's inability to say that the Asiatic and the English diseases are similar.

Dr. Tytler.—I will give you my opinion then, sir, that they are the same disease.

Mr. Proctor here made some remarks relative to the safety with which rice-water was given by him to cholera patients to drink.

Mr. Clifton.—I rise to say how much I think the Society is indebted to Dr. Tytler for the luminous exhibition of facts he has made to us. He has opened a new light in this country. We have had many discussions here and elsewhere on the subject of the Cholera, but no hint has ever before been dropped, with respect to its production by rice, nor has any intimation ever been made that such views as those of Dr. Tytler had at any time been entertained or promulgated by him. We are, therefore, hardly able, at present, to form a judgment on the subject. His facts relative to the jails at Jessore and Allahabad, and the Sepoys, are so strong, that if we are to believe what he says at all, there can be no doubt as to the cause of the Cholera in India. I am myself disposed to say, from past impressions, that any deleterious food will produce the disease, under certain circumstances; but I repeat, that I think we are deeply indebted to the author of the statements, for the proofs he has afforded us, of one of the most extensive causes of the disease. How important would it be, could we cut off such a source of death: for I challenge the whole Medical Profession to name any remedy which will act as a certain cure for the disease.—With regard to the rice, we ought to bear in mind, that Dr. Tytler ascribes injurious effects only to *bad rice*, (*hear, hear,*) and Mr. Proctor should bear in mind, that the rice-water given in cases here, was probably made from the best rice.

Dr. Tytler.—Certainly. I allude merely to the diseased grain.

Dr. Whiting.—Nothing should stand in the way of a full prosecution of this inquiry. It is a most important one, and must be thoroughly probed. (*Hear, hear.*)

The usual hour of adjournment having passed, the request was made to Dr. Tytler, that he would again meet the Society on Monday next, at eight o'clock. The wish was instantly acceded to; and the assembly departed."

LETTER OF CAPT. BOWIE, REFERRED TO IN THE SPEECH OF DR. TYTLER.

"To DR. TYTLER.

"Batavia, Oct. 11, 1823.

"Sir—Your letters in the Bengal papers some time ago, attracted much notice, but I am convinced not so much attention was paid to them as they really deserved. What you mention of rice of a twelve month's growth back, being prejudicial to health, if used as food, is beyond all doubt correct, as I and all my crew, thirty-nine in number, have experienced; and I am further, beyond all doubt, convinced, that it is still more pernicious when enclosed in a store, or ship's hold, where there is no circulation of air.

"On the 11th of July, 1823, I landed at Passerwan, island of Java, a cargo of about two hundred tons of rice that had been confined in a store belonging to the Government, for a space of about eighteen months. When taken on board, it had all the appearance of good rice, and was sold as such; but its pernicious qualities were soon evinced.

"As soon as the vessel was loaded, I repaired on board, and was immediately attacked, owing to my using this rice, with the disease called Cholera Morbus. My chief officer, Mr. Burn, and all my crew, were attacked a few days previous, and only saved their lives by remaining on deck. After the crew recovered, when sent below on ship's duty, if for the space of an hour, they had an immediate attack, and with much difficulty, through medicine, were restored.

"When at Blivous, island of Banka, a gentleman visited me, and after looking through the vessel below, although I informed him of the effects that were liable to ensue, and after eating of the rice, he went on shore, complaining of an attack of Cholera, and died the next day. He was the son of General Van Gheen, the commander of the cavalry at Batavia.

"I therefore, in support of your opinions, as I have read them in the Calcutta papers, do declare that I am positively convinced of the truth of what you have urged, although people have differed in opinion from you.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,
J. BOWIE,
Commander of the brig Elizabeth."

The London Lancet, from which the foregoing account is taken, adds the following:

"Since writing out the above report, the gentleman who has been occupied on the task, has had the following facts communicated to him, and evidence of their truth can, he believes, be furnished from competent sources. Fourteen or fifteen years since, a disease prevailed, almost universally, amongst the boys of the London Orphan Asylum, then situated in Hackney-road, the chief symptom of which was diarrhoea. The medical men who attended the institution were consulted, but no cause for the disease could be discovered, and very great difficulty was experienced in its

treatment. A principal article of food in the diet of the boys, was rice of a very inferior quality; and at last, at the suggestion of the master of the school, the use of a very large share of the rice was discontinued in their meals; when the diarrhoea was checked, and the boys speedily recovered their health."

From "Scenes in our Village; by a Country Parson's Daughter."

A COUNTRY FUNERAL.

"The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

BRADON.

You recollect John Rider, at the mill. You cannot forget him, for many Sundays you and I used to watch him, walking up and down the green, waiting to catch the first glimpse of his old vicar, as the quiet couple, the gray-haired priest, and the slow-paced steed, entered the distant avenue. We used to feel pleased at the respect and readiness with which John's services were tendered. Cannot you recall now the manner in which he so carefully assisted the infirm old gentleman to dismount, and then quietly took the bridle and led the sober steed to his father's stable? You said he gave you exactly the idea of what a young English yeoman ought to be; and since that day, I never looked on his tall, well made figure, his handsome sunburnt face—I never observed the buoyancy of his step, the simple good humor of his expression, without a feeling of pleasure at the thought that he was my countryman; and I remarked his constancy to his place at church—his orderly behavior—his attention, with a yet deeper feeling of interest—of hope, that England has many such. These were but outward signs indeed, such as might deceive; but hope is a blessed thing, and we have need of all the comfort hope can give now. Poor John is dead!—His illness was a raging fever, brought on by over exerting himself in the anxious time of a stormy hay-harvest. I had known of his illness only two or three days, when on Wednesday I called to ask after him. I shall never forget the terror of his little sister's look, or her sudden burst of grief, when she heard her mother answer my question with an unnatural composure more affecting still—"God help us," said she, "the doctor can do no more for him!"

As I turned to leave the house, and passed the projecting angle of the barn, my eye rested on a face that showed more despair than his mother's, more agony than his sister's.—There stood poor Amy Miles; she had evidently heard the news which had been told me—she had been lingering about, I suppose, for the purpose of hearing it.

She did not speak, but hid her face in her apron, and passed me like lightning. It struck me at the moment, that the last time I had seen poor Amy, was one moonlight evening, standing in the little copse that leads to her father's cottage; and the moment after, I met John in the lane. I remember, too, that I had been somewhat puzzled by the occurrence. You know these sort of matters always had a great charm for me; for I know that the miller and the cottager were at law all the time; besides, John Rider was a person of much more consequence in our little world, than poor Amy Miles. Well! I was awakened on Thursday morning, by the bell tolling, muffled, for John. It would exceed the bounds of my letter, were I to attempt to describe to you, the sad feelings of the survivors of our little circle, on this melancholy occasion. In so small a village as ours, you know we feel as one family; and for poor Rider in particular—every one could remember some good of him; and then he was his father's only son—and the grey stone under which he was laid yesterday, bears a long list, the names of his respectable ancestors, from the date 1583; but when John's name and his father's—how sadly out of place after that of his healthy son—shall be engraved, there is not one to continue the race. "Tis all well!" said the old man, as he turned from the grave yesterday, "there's never been any stain on the credit of my family; the last," he looked towards the open vault, but could not bring himself to name his last child—"the last has carried a fair name to the grave with him—there can be none to dishonor us now."

It was the most affecting of the many affecting funerals that I have witnessed. Our little school-girls, generally careless enough on such occasions, stood now linked hand in hand, gazing on the flowers that were scattered around the pall, as seriously as if they felt the similarity between those beauties, and him who had come up and been so suddenly cut down. The poor father and mother were objects of deep pity to the whole congregation. The father never shed a tear, but stood with his eyes immovably fixed on the letters of his poor son's name, on the coffin-plate, as if he felt it necessary to read the melancholy inscription over and over again, in order to convince himself of its truth. The mother, the poor mother! her behavior was quite a contrast to what it had been on Wednesday. The flood-gates seemed to be opened, and the full tide of sorrow flowed forth. Her very heart seemed bursting. The maidens, who, according to our country custom, attend as bearers, in white hoods and scarf, were much affected—as well by the mother's intense distress, as by the melancholy cause of their assemblage; and as I looked at the young and graceful forms so bowed down with unaccustomed grief, the bright eyes so strangely dimmed with tears, a thought crossed my mind, silly enough,

that perhaps he had left, as Cowper says, "a heart-ach to one of them for a legacy." But at that moment—when the most touching part of the service, preparatory to the corpse being laid in the grave, was read—just as the old clergyman's voice trembled with emotion, and yet so deep and solemn, that every word touched the hearer's heart: "Man that is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery"—Full of misery! O, what true words. At that moment there was a sudden movement among the attentive throng. The little children shrunk back in fright, as a pale girl, not dressed in mourning—the world recognized no right that she had to mourn, but O, custom cannot bind heart-felt sorrow—rushed up the church-yard, through the aisle; her dark hair loosened, from the haste of her motion, the tears streaming down her pale cheeks, her whole dress disordered. She passed the mourners; the minister paused in pity and astonishment, as with a wild and passionate cry, which has sounded in my ears ever since, she sunk upon the coffin.—Poor, poor Amy! God comfort her!

From the London Quarterly Review.

THE FIXED STARS.

We are as yet, and doubtless ever shall be, without the means of numbering those tenants of the firmament. Every new improvement of the telescope, brings within the range of vision, countless multitudes which human eye has never seen before. Some stars are double, and even triple; that is to say, they appear to us within a barely distinguishable distance of each other. Upwards of three thousand double stars have been discovered; and it is justly supposed, that even this number by no means exhausts the fertility of the heavens in these twain productions, some of which have been actually observed to move round each other in orbits requiring for their completion twelve hundred of our years. Such systems as these, give the mind a faint glimmer of eternity.

Astronomers conjecture not without reason, from the analogies of our own system, that these suns do not revolve round each other, shedding their light in vain, but that each is accompanied by its circle of planets; which being opaque bodies, would of course be forever shrouded from our view by the splendor of their respective orbs of day. This idea leads us to conclude, that the stars which are separated from each other by distances at least as great as that of Uranus from our sun—that is to say, some eighteen hundred millions of miles—have also their respective planets, their Mercuries, their Earths, their Jupiters, and Saturns, and are the centres of peculiar systems throughout the whole firmament. If these planets are peopled by intelligent beings as the Earth is, and the other planets of the solar system are supposed to be, the contemplation, in thought of such myriads of globes with their inhabitants, overwhelms the mind.

We have no mode of ascertaining the distance of any one of the stars from the Earth. We have measured the circumference which we describe in our annual journey round the sun; we take the diameter of that circle, and with it form the base of a triangle, whose vortex should be the nearest of those luminous bodies. The angle thus formed, however, at the star, would be unappreciable with the most perfect instrument of human invention. Now an angle of one second of a degree is appreciable, consequently the distance of the nearest fixed star must exceed the radius of a circle, one second of whose circumference measures one hundred and ninety millions of miles—that is, it must exceed two hundred thousand times the diameter of the earth's orbit.—If the dove that returned no more to Noah, had been commissioned to bear with her utmost speed, an olive branch to the least remote of the spheres, she would therefore still be on her journey: after towering for forty centuries through the heights of space, she would not at this moment have reached the middle of her destined way.

No machinery has yet been invented, indeed it seems at present impossible that we should ever devise any means, by which we might estimate the magnitude of even the least of the stars, since we never behold their distances.—We become sensible of their existence, by rays of light, which must have taken, in some instances, probably a thousand years to reach our globe; although light is known to travel at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second. Sirius, the brightest, because perhaps the nearest to us, of those luminaries, is conjectured by Dr. Wallaston to give as much light as fourteen suns, each as large as ours. An individual gazing through an instrument, from a planet of Sirius to our sun, might suppose that he could cover our entire system with a spider's thread. He would set down the sun in his map as a fixed star, but to his eye it would present no variation, as the largest of our planets would not intercept much more than a hundredth part of the sun's surface, and could not therefore produce any loss of light of which he could take any estimate. For him, this globe of ours, immense as to our finite faculties it seems to be, would have no existence. It would find not even a point's place on his chart; and if it were blotted out of space, to-morrow, it would never be missed by any of that probably fifty worlds that are bathed in the floods of light that Sirius pours forth. Who is it, that watches over our sphere? Whose is the ever-extended arm that maintains it?

Found among the papers of Mr. Masson, Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland.

THE DESERTERS.

There were in the regiment, two young soldiers above the common level, both from the same place, a small town in Lancashire, and each had made friendship for the other. They had enlisted together, through different motives; they marched together, and were inhabitants of the same tent. One whom I shall call 'the lover,' had enrolled his name through an uneasiness from his being disappointed in what he thought all his happiness was centered, the marrying of a sweet girl of his own town, by whom he was much beloved. The other, a lad of spirit, believing the soldier's life as fine as the recruiting officer described it; willing to see wars, accompany his friend, and serve his country, likewise accepted his king's picture, and was called the 'volunteer.' He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow; she was much grieved at this step, which had been taken without her privacy or consent; but being in an easy situation, and not wanting his assistance for support, she lamented only through her affection for him. The widow sent forth her son with tears and blessings; the maid eyed her lover from a distant window, (a nearer approach not being permitted,) and beat time to his steps with her heart, till he was out of sight, and then sent her soul after him, in a deep-fetched sigh. They had not been long in camp, before the volunteer had woful proof of the wide difference between the ideal gentleman and soldier, which had been dressed up in his imagination, and the miserable, half-starved food for powder. As to the lover, he was insensible to the hardships of the body—the agitation of his mind absorbed his whole attention—in vain had he attempted to fly from the object of his love: he had brought away his person only, leaving his thoughts and his heart behind him; and was as absent from himself in the noise and bustle of the day, as in a silent midnight watch, or when stretched upon his bed at night. They communicated their situation to each other, and took the fatal resolution to desert. Thus winged by love, and urged by fear, the hills of Scotland flew from their heels, and they had arrived at a village within a mile of their own town, when they were overtaken by a horse-pursuit, and re-conducted to their camp. A court martial was held, and they were condemned to die; but the General ordered, as is usual in such cases, that they should cast lots, and only one of them suffer. At the appointed time, the ring was formed, the drum placed in the centre, with the box and dice upon its head, and the delinquents made to enter. The horrors which sat brooding on their souls the preceding night, now overwhelming them at the awful crisis, were strongly painted in their wan and pallid countenances. Their friendship was real and sincere, but not of that fabulous and heroic kind, as to wish to die for each other; both wished to live, and each was disquieted at the thought that his safety must be built on the death of his friend. They alternately requested each other to begin. The lover looked alternately at the little instruments of life or death, took them in his trembling hand, and quickly laid them down. The officer interposed, and commanded the volunteer to throw; he lifted the box in his right hand, then shifted it into his left, and gave it to his right again; and as if ashamed of weakness or superstition, cast his eye upwards for a moment, and was in the act to throw, when the shrieks of female sorrow struck his ear, and in burst, from an opposite part of the circle, the widow and the maid; their hair dishevelled, and their garments, by travelling, soiled and torn.

What a sight was this! The mother and the son on one side of the drum, and the maid and the lover on the other. The first transports of their frantic joy at finding them alive, were soon abated by the dreadful uncertainty of what must follow. The officer, a humane man, did not hurry the volunteer to throw. He put his hand to the box of his own accord. His mother fell prostrate upon the earth, as did also the maid, and both with equal constancy and fervour poured forth their different prayers. He threw nine! A gleam of imperfect joy lighted upon the scene—she had seen her son shipwrecked, buffeting the waves, when presently he gains a raft; and is paddling to the shore and already thinks to feel his fond embrace, but still is anxious, lest even yet some envious billow should snatch him from her eyes. Meanwhile, the lovers, giving up all for lost, were locked in each other's arms, and entreated to be killed thus together on the spot. She was held from him by force. He advanced towards the drum with the same air as he would have ascended the ladder for his execution. He threw—ten! The maid sprang from the ground as if she would leap to heaven; he caught her in his arms; they fainted on each other's necks, and recovered only to faint again. The volunteer was the least affected of the four, and all his attention was employed about his mother, whose head was in his lap: but she was insensible to his care. Soon after the women had rushed into the ring, an officer had run to the Duke's tent to inform him of the uncommon tenderness of the scene. He accompanied the officer to the spot, and standing behind the first rank, had been an unobserved spectator of the whole transaction. He could hold no longer: he came to the widow, echoing in her ear, "He is pardoned!" restored her life and happiness together. Then turning to the lovers, he commanded them to go immediately to the chaplain, to be united by that tie, which death only could dissolve. He often declared he felt more pleasure from this action, than from the battle of Cul-

loden. He shed tears, but they were not like those of Alexander, when he wept for more worlds to conquer.

From D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

CONVERSATION OF MEN OF GENIUS.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of Shakespeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid, that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile and say, "I am not the less Peter Corneille!"

Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas describes his mind, by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from Nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker, who possessed the wealth of his friends, at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket! Or as that judicious moralist Nicole, one of the Port Royal Society, who said of a scintillant wit, "He conquers me in the drawing-room, but surrenders to me at discretion, on the staircase." Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play a lute—"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city."

The deficiencies of Addison, in conversation, are well known. He preserved a rigid silence among strangers; but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often, at that moment, he labored at some future Spectator!

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to a "silent parson in a tie-wig." It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man, than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could neither speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote, he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit, or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him, by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition, that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whet-stone which will not cut, but enables other things to do so; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vacuon was said to be as much a machine as any he had made. Dryden says of himself—"My conversation is slow and dull, my humor satiric and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees."

From "Curiosities of Literature on the Ancient English Poets."

MILTON.

Homer's intercourse with the gods is, when they descend, as Satan entered Paradise, in mists and clouds to the earth. Shakespeare, though the first scholar in the volume of mankind, rises "above the wheeling poles," but in glances, and flashes of sublimity. Tasso up to the heavens "presumes;" but Milton "into the heaven of heavens," and dwells there. He inhabits, as it were, the court of the Deity; and leaves on your mind, a stability and a permanent character of divine inhabitation and divine presence, of which no other poet gives you a thought. Others rise to sublimity when they exceed: Milton's constitution, his quality, his element, is sublimity; from his height he descends to meet the greatness of others. The constitution of Milton's genius, his creative powers, the excursions of his imagination to regions untraced by human pen, unexplored by human thought, were gifts of nature, not effects of learning. But the learning though not the first subject of our admiration, is not to be passed over without a degree of praise to which perhaps no other scholar is entitled. To Hebrew, he added the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish: and these he possessed, not with study only, but commanded them in ordinary and familiar use. With these, aiding his own natural genius, he assumed a vigor of intellect to which difficulties were temptations that courted all that is arduous; that soared to divine counsels, without unworthiness; and met the majesty of Heaven, without amazement or confusion.

That the praise of Milton is, to have no thought in common with any author, his predecessor, cannot be urged. Though he thought for himself, he had a just deference for the thoughts of others; and though his genius enabled him, without help, to execute, he disdained not to consult and direct himself by the most approved examples. It was his peculiar study to explore the traces of genius, in whatever

author had gone with eminence before him. He read them all. He took the golden ornaments from the hands of the best artists; he considered their fashion, their workmanship, their weight, their alloy; and storing and arranging them for occasion, he adapted them as he saw fit, to the chalcids or pixies, formed from the sublime patterns of his own mind. To form the *Paradise Lost*, what learning have the sacred or the classic books, that has not been explored? and what are the beauties, or the excellencies of either, that he has not there assembled and combined? 'Tis a temple constructed to his own immortal fame, of the cedar of Lebanon, the gold of Ophir, and the marble of Paros.

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

DE WITT CLINTON.

"We would not ask for him, the tribute of admiration only.—We require for him, another and a higher homage—the homage of imitation."

Among the illustrious characters who have adorned our country, there are few whose names deserve to be held in more grateful remembrance than that of De Witt Clinton. There is no one, certainly, with which we associate nobler patriotism and philanthropy—no one upon which we dwell with livelier emotions of pride and pleasure. It is a pleasure inspired by the contemplation of exalted intellect. It is a pride, too, which we all feel in beholding the energy of American enterprise surmounting the barriers of nature, and opening, within the bosom of our country, the sources of wealth and happiness. He who delights in the advancement of national prosperity, can never forget those who have been the most devoted laborers in the cause—those who have made the most liberal sacrifices for the promotion of the general good. The master spirits of every age are always associated with whatever glory may belong to it. And among those who have been the most conspicuous examples of perseverance—men who have cast aside the shackles of prejudice, and have risen above the palsy influence of a selfish spirit, in a noble surrender of their talents to the service of mankind, De Witt Clinton occupied a pre-eminent rank. But it was a pre-eminence granted only to substantial and enduring merit. We turn back, and dwell upon his brief but glorious career, with feelings of the highest satisfaction. And indeed, it is refreshing, in our survey of the multitude of "little great men" who throng about the temple of Fame, occasionally to meet with one worthy of the honors bestowed upon him. The distinction of greatness has seldom been applied to any individual with more justice—to none certainly who have moved in a similar sphere of duty.

The various departments of science have had each its votaries—each has boasted of some brilliant example of industry or success; but the field of action in which the powers of his mind were more generally displayed, is not always the place where men so successfully acquire a sudden and dazzling popularity. His greatness did not consist in those superficial and showy qualities which are too frequently mistaken for something really and wonderfully magnificent; but in materials of a graver cast, which brought nothing but their own intrinsic worth, to recommend them.

It was a distinction which will be as durable as the very principles that gave it existence; for it was founded in the unchangeable laws, which decree, that virtue and integrity shall finally be rewarded with the unperishing meed of fame. His whole life was characterized by an ardent, sincere and constant devotion to the great object of improving the condition of his fellow beings, so far as his own individual exertions could promote that object. The exercise of noble intellectual endowments directed to the accomplishment of noble purposes, formed, indeed, one of the great and leading features of his character. A patient and determined resolution, exhibiting itself under various forms, and in a variety of circumstances; a sagacity that reads, at the first glance, the probable effects of newly discovered causes—boldness of adventure—skill in the prosecution of plans—firmness in maintaining principles grounded on conviction, and perseverance in action—these are the ingredients of which really great men are composed. And no one will deny that the distinguished subject of these remarks possessed them in an eminent degree.

The public works with which the name of Clinton is associated, and the benefit which his labors have bestowed upon the community where they were exerted, remain, the eulogies of his character and his worth. As has been justly observed, "The Erie Canal will always continue to be a monument of his patriotism and perseverance." In a biographical notice of him, the writer bears the following testimony to his talents and character:—"As a citizen, useful, active, and meritorious, he was second, probably, to no man in the United States. In the great and growing State and city of which he was a native and resident, no man has stamped his name, his genius, and his services, on more monuments of public munificence and private utility. With a capacity improved by long habits of practical attention to business, few men in any legislative body or executive council, ever acquired that degree of facility, correctness, and rapidity of performance, in the ordinary affairs of society, which eminently distinguished his public life. In his judicial duties, promptitude, solidity, and talent marked his course—his energy was equal to any occurrence, and his decisions and opinions were regarded as standard authorities."

As a scholar, his character deserves a more particular delineation than can be given it, in the present brief notice of him. His learning was varied and extensive. "In some of the physical sciences he was especially versed, and his proficiency as a classical and belles-lettres scholar was very considerable. He was a member of a large part of the literary and scientific institutions in the United States, and an honorary member of many of the learned Societies of Great Britain and the continent of Europe." It has been remarked that scarcely any man was ever more ambitious of a reputation for learning and science. He was always remarkably industrious; and he valued no labor or toil which tended to enlarge the boundaries of his knowledge. Every moment which he could spare from his necessary duties was devoted to the cultivation of his mind. It may be said of him, no less than of Lord Brougham; "that his whole life bore evidence to his belief that nothing worth having, could be gained without effort; but that by steady, persevering effort, every thing may be gained." His own words bear ample testimony to the high value he placed upon knowledge, as well as to the pure and elevated pleasure which man derives from the possession of it. They are full of that dignified and breathing eloquence which was imparted to all his productions. "Knowledge," says he, "is ecstatic enjoyment—perennial in flame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices, it fears no danger, spares no expense, omits no exertion. It scales the mountain—looks into the volcano—dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—encircles the globe—explores sea and land—contemplates the distant—examines the minute—comprehends the great, and ascends to the sublime;—go place too remote for its grasp; no heaven too exalted for its reach." And again, "The mind, matured by deep and continual meditation—enlightened by wise and learned conversation—and fertilized by judicious and extensive reading, resembles that splendid metal which was formed from the fusion of many minerals in the great conflagration at Corinth. Like the crucible of the alchemist, it will indeed aspire to creative power: like the deflagrator and the galvanic battery, it pursues nature into her most occult recesses, and tortures her into a confession of her most important secrets; and like the poet's eye, it glances from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven, and as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, turns them to shape, and gives 'to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.' Let us then be vigilant and active in the great and holy cause of knowledge. The field of glory stretches before us in wide expanse. Untrodden heights and unknown lands surround us. Let us not, however, waste our energies on subjects of a frivolous nature, of useless curiosity, or impracticable attainment." In the same discourse from which the preceding extracts are taken, is the following eloquent appeal to young men. It comes with peculiar force from one whose own life was a noble example of earnest and unwearied application. It speaks with the same undaunted spirit, in which his own lofty aspirations seem to have been wrought.

"The field of honor and usefulness is now before you.—Whatever direction you take, whatever course you adopt, it

is in your power to become eminent. The first man in his profession is often absolutely, and always relatively, a great man. In this country, particularly, every man has it in his power to be the architect of his own fortune. And when he rises, let him ascend the pyramid of greatness, not by the creeping, tortuous windings of the reptile, but by the sublime flight of the bird of Jove. The eagle erects hiserie on the mountain top—looks at the sun with undazzled eyes, and defies the thunder and lightning. The serpent creeps on the earth, hides in the cavern, and sinks into torpidity."

Those productions of Clinton, delivered before Literary and Scientific Societies, may well be ranked among the finest specimens of rich and classical eloquence. Breaking forth from the cold formality of forensic disputation and the rules of mere logical deduction, his genius seemed to soar away in its own majesty; to sport in the living sunshine, or dwell among objects the most beautiful and grand. His efforts at the Bar or in the halls of legislation were always marked by profound reasoning, vigor of thought, and "undaunted firmness." And if we are sometimes struck with the stateliness, the dignity of purpose, which are left unstamped upon these performances; we are perhaps no less charmed with the luxuriant beauty, lofty diction, and glowing splendor, which characterize his productions of another character.

If, as has sometimes been said, De Witt Clinton was ambitious of civil and literary honors, that ambition was regulated by a discriminating judgment. It was not a blind and restless desire to force himself upon the world, whether worthy or unworthy of that world's favor—it was not that feverish enthusiasm which is excited by the love of popular applause, and which dies away, when that object has been attained:—but it was an ambition to tread in the high halls of Fame, with a proud consciousness of having earned the distinction, only as the reward of deserving merit. The wreath of glory or the crown of honor belongs only to him who has won it by long and patient toil—by an unreserved devotion of his talents to the good of his fellow-men.

CLEANTHES.

For the Literary Journal.

THE IRON MASK.

A late number of the Literary Journal contained an interesting notice of the celebrated personage in the Iron Mask. The world is fond of mystery; and it is not singular that a high degree of curiosity should have been excited respecting a prisoner, who was treated with such marked attention, guarded with such sleepless vigilance, and whose face no man was ever suffered to behold. Voltaire said, that his history would be the astonishment of posterity. The subject has occupied the attention of encyclopedists and historians, and is doubtless one of the strangest incidents in history. It may be but a thankless office to unmask this distinguished state-prisoner; since the greatest charm of this romantic story consists in the long concealment of his name. But that task has been performed in France, by Mons. Delort, and in England by the Hon. George Agar Ellis: and the prisoner of the Bastille is discovered to have been no greater personage than Ercolo Antonio Matthioli, of whose character and history they have furnished abundant information.

It has been generally supposed that this secret was kept by the persons to whom it was known, with the most religious fidelity. Chamillart, the war minister, and the successor of Louvois, was importuned even on his death bed, by his son-in-law, to unfold the mystery. He replied, that it was the secret of the State, which he had sworn never to reveal. When the records of the Bastille were made public, in 1789, the register was in vain consulted for information concerning the prisoner. The leaf, which should have contained it, had been carefully removed. He died in 1703, after an imprisonment of twenty-four years and a half, in the sixty-third year of his age, and was buried privately in the evening, under the name of "Matthioli." After his death, the walls of his cell were scraped and white-washed; and the extraordinary precaution was taken, of burning all his furniture; reducing to ashes even the doors and window frames of his apartment, and melting down all the metallic

vessels, whether of copper, pewter or silver, which had been appropriated to his service. Other prisoners were sometimes removed to new places of confinement, and placed under new keepers; but the man in the Iron Mask, although removed from prison to prison, was always in the custody of the same individual to whom he was originally committed. On one occasion, during a removal, he was enveloped in a canopy of oil-cloth; and when they rested for the night, the place in which he slept, was guarded by sentinels stationed round it; and strangers were forbidden to approach within speaking distance. His physician was permitted to feel his pulse and examine his tongue, but never behold his features; and the prisoner was forbidden to remove his mask, in the presence of any person, under the penalty of instant death. Such extraordinary care in guarding a prisoner, and especially the circumstance of his wearing a mask, (it is not certain that it was iron,) gave the strongest grounds to suppose him a personage of high distinction; and added much plausibility to the ingenious fiction that he was the twin brother of Louis, and that the resemblance of the brothers was so striking, that a view of his countenance would at once have disclosed his birth and rank. It will be seen in the sequel, how religiously the secret was kept.

Who was the Man in the Iron Mask? Voltaire and Gibbon have given their conjectures: the former, with those embellishments, which first made the story famous. Mons. Delort has accumulated a mass of facts, from the French archives, which go very far to establish his identity with Matthioli, an agent of a Duke of Mantua. But the evidence he produces, although as full and clear as could have been expected, is by no means conclusive. One link at least, in the chain of testimony is wanting. If Matthioli was indeed the Man in the Iron Mask, the prophecy of Voltaire will be fulfilled. Posterity will wonder, when they learn the crime for which Matthioli was committed to prison: that for such a crime, a human being should have been compelled to wear out twenty-four years of hopeless, miserable captivity.

The crime of Matthioli may be briefly related. Louis the Fourteenth, always grasping and ambitious, became desirous of obtaining a cession of the important fortress of Casal, in the territory of the Duke of Mantua. His minister, D'Estrades, looking about for a fit instrument to carry on a treacherous negotiation for this object, found the right person, as he supposed, in Matthioli, who had been Secretary of State under a former Duke, from whom he had received the title of Count, and who had been dismissed from office, and was without an active and adroit politician. Matthioli received the overtures of D'Estrades with eagerness, entered zealously into the intrigue, and addressed a most servile and sycophantic letter to Louis; in which he congratulated himself on being employed in the service of a monarch, whom he looked upon as a "demi-god." The negotiation went rapidly forward. Matthioli had prepared the Duke, as he declared, for the treaty, by which French troops were to be admitted into Casal. Matthioli was dismissed from Paris, with a liberal reward and promises of advancement. A day was named for the execution of the treaty. It was then postponed, and another day appointed; and in short, it was postponed from time to time, under the most frivolous pretexts, until at length "it became certain that Louis the Fourteenth 'le Grand Monarque' had been duped by the obscure agent of an insignificant Italian Prince." So audacious an offence could only be expiated by the ruin of the offender. The mandate was accordingly issued to St. Mars, to entrap and imprison him. The order respecting his treatment was brief but full of meaning. "Let him have nothing which can render life agreeable." Matthioli was decoyed into the French territory; then secretly arrested, and put into the custody of St. Mars, at Pignerol; where he passed under the name of L'Estang. St. Mars occasionally transmitted to Paris, accounts of his prisoner's conduct; which accounts are published by Mons. Delort. These facts are matters of history.

St. Mars was afterwards removed to the command of Exiles, a few leagues from Pignerol; thence to St. Marguerite, an island on the coast of Provence, where Voltaire fixes the abode of the Iron Mask; and subsequently, to the command of the Bastille. His prisoner was always removed with him. At the time that Matthioli was committed to prison in Pigne-

rol, it is very clear, that no such prisoner was there, as the Iron Mask. In 1668, St. Mars had but one prisoner, whom he occasionally reported to the Government; and there is no evidence that this was Matthioli. This is the only broken link in the chain of evidence. The identity of the two persons is rendered probable by the circumstances stated; and the hiatus is, in some measure, supplied by this very important piece of testimony. Louis the Fifteenth admitted to Madame Pompadour, when pressed with inquiries, that "the Iron Mask was the agent of an Italian prince." Some of the soldiers of St. Mars had obtained a knowledge of the prisoner's rank and station, and had betrayed it to various individuals. They had penetrated the secret, far enough to quiet their curiosity. But the most surprising fact "in this strange, eventful history," is, that a letter was appended to a History of Europe, published in Germany, in which the whole negotiation for Casal was minutely detailed; and in which it was asserted, "in good set terms," that Matthioli had been arrested, and was then a prisoner at Pignerol. The publication of this letter, and the disappearance of Matthioli, caused a remonstrance to be made to Louis. His answer was an unqualified denial of any knowledge of Matthioli.

To our eyes, the crime of the unfortunate Italian appears wholly disproportioned to his punishment. Matthioli admitted, on being threatened with the torture, that he had betrayed the secret, and had been bribed by the opposite party:—and was a man to be permitted to go through the cities of Italy, and glory in having duped the most proud, jealous, and ostentatious monarch in Europe? This is by no means a solitary instance of the cruel and reckless revenge of Louis the Fourteenth. A German painter, for publishing a satire on Louis, was clandestinely seized in his own country, and confined in a cage of wood, in an obscure corner of France, until the day of his death. The Armenian Patriarch was carried away from Constantinople, and conveyed to the Bastille, where he died. So late as the year 1752, a *lettre de cachet* was secretly executed in London, on M. de Fratteaux, who was conveyed to the Bastille, where he ended his life. Few kings of France, and least of all, Louis the Fourteenth, were ever scrupulous in violating a neutral territory, or in violating any thing else, to gratify a personal resentment, or promote the success of any public or private object. That Matthioli was traitorously decoyed, for the purpose of arrest, into the French territory, and was subsequently imprisoned, is most conclusively proved. This measure was taken in the first burst of the King's disappointment and anger. And when his passion had subsided, it became necessary to guard the distinguished man, who had been thus lawlessly seized, with the utmost vigilance. To liberate him, would have been to proclaim to the world, how the proudest and vainest monarch in Christendom, had revenged himself for being duped, by a cruel and high handed violation of the laws of nations.

C***.

NOTE. To those of our readers who may wish to compare the preceding statements with the facts which have been adduced by other writers in their attempts to discover the name of the mysterious prisoner, a brief reference to the principal works in which the subject is discussed, may not be unacceptable. The first writer who endeavored to solve the enigma, was Pecquet, who in his "Secret Memoirs, to serve for the History of Persia," published in 1745, asserts, that the prisoner was the Count of Vermandois, who was arrested for striking the Dauphin; in which opinion he is supported by Father Griffet, who was confessor of the prisoners in the Bastille from 1745 to 1764:—but it appears that the Count of Vermandois died in the siege of Courtrai, in 1683. In the opinion of Lagrange Chancel, the prisoner was the Duke of Beaufort. St. Foix, in 1768, attempted to prove that he was the Duke of Monmouth, who had been sentenced to death in England, but not executed. In the Memoirs of the Marshal de Richelieu, an account was inserted by the editor, the Abbe Soulavie, which is said to have been written by the keeper of the prisoner, and to have been given by the Regent to his daughter, who communicated it to the Marshal. This is the account in which the prisoner is stated to have been the twin brother of Lewis the Fourteenth.

De Taules, who was the French consul in Syria in 1771, contends that he was no other than Awedika, the Armenian

Patriarch, who he says, was removed from Constantinople, at the instigation of the Jesuits. M. Regnault Warin, in the preface to his romance, "The Man in the Iron Mask," endeavors to show that this personage was a son of the Duke of Buckingham and Anne of Austria; which opinion is also maintained in the *Melanges de Histoire et de Literature*, published in 1817. Attempts have also been made to identify the prisoner with Don John of Gonzaga, the natural brother of the Duke of Mantua.

But none of these conjectures appear to be supported by so many concurrent circumstances, as the one which has been so ably advocated by M. Delort. The same opinion had, however, been advanced by several other writers, previous to his time; although the whole evidence in support of it, had not been brought together, until the publication of his "Histoire du Masque de Fer," which appeared at Paris in 1825.

There is much difficulty in reconciling the dates, as given by several authors who have written upon this subject. It has been said that the prisoner was arrested and delivered into the custody of St. Mars, at Pignerol, in 1662. This cannot be correct; for St. Mars was not appointed Governor of Pignerol, until Fouquet was carried there, which was in 1664. The date moreover gives rise to another difficulty.—The duration of the imprisonment is fixed at twenty-four years and a half: but if the prisoner was arrested in 1662, and died in 1703, he must have remained in confinement forty-one, instead of twenty-four, years;—and if he died at the age of sixty, he could have been but nineteen, when his imprisonment commenced. Again, if this date is correct, and any faith is to be given to the record of his death, wherein he is named as "Matthioli," and which makes him aged about forty-five, he could not have been more than three or four years old, at the time of his commitment to the fortress of Pignerol.

By those writers who contend that the prisoner was Matthioli, the date of his arrest is fixed at 1685 or 1679, the latter of which leaves about twenty-four years as the duration of his captivity. With respect to the time of his death, it appears to be well ascertained that this event occurred on the nineteenth of November, 1703, and that he was buried in the cemetery of the church of St. Paul.

On the whole, the account which is advocated by M. Delort, is by far the most consistent which has ever been published. All the leading facts which this contains, are given in the preceding article, for which we are much indebted to our correspondent.—ED. LIT. JOUR.

For the Literary Journal.

ON MANY THINGS.

A book which has not much ability except to minister to the senses, and give that formidable strength to the passions of men, which Christianity and reason both forbid, is an ignis fatuus, that may attract the unwary, and lull the credulous into danger and dishonor in the practical business of life. But there are books of no very prominent merit, in which the reader, like the traveller who takes up a flower from the sterile rock, or the parched sand, may find some pleasant things, amid general barrenness. And there are others, from which minds accustomed to let nothing pass without a moral and practical use, may imbibe lessons, and promulgate warnings, neither irrelevant in themselves, nor fanciful as respects the science of living, and the bonds of social intercourse. We sometime since read "The Invisible Gentleman," a book of this class; with few pretensions to excite the praise or censure of the critic; but from which a very homely moral may be drawn. The characters have no great originality, and the feelings and sentiments of the personages have nothing very striking, or interesting in them. The plan is ludicrous; and would be puerile in the extreme, if it were not for the simple, but clever lessons to be drawn from it. Different readers often obtain a different moral from the same book, according to the various directions of their mental vision, their different capacities of conception, their tastes, and intellectual habits. But the moral of this book is so palpable, that he who runs, may read it. It is, that we should be contented with our condition, and the ordinary advantages of life; and not seek to better ourselves, by unlaw-

ful and pernicious schemes. The hero being desirous to obtain positive knowledge concerning things which he chose to imagine important to his happiness, attained his knowledge, (but not his happiness,) by his art of becoming invisible—do not laugh, gentle reader—by—the ridiculous process of twitching his ear. Now we hold, that this mystery was the same thing in spirit, as that which is meant by the significant phrase, "lending our ears;"—and is almost a legal interpretation of the passage "having itching ears." Curiosity is implanted in us, as an incentive to knowledge; but to "lend our ears" to all manner of communications, neither expands the intellect, nor improves the heart:—we are not made more wise by so doing, nor more liberal to others. The proverb says, "Do not all you can;" and the interpretation is,—lest you do evil. Our maxim would be—hear not all you may; or, in the words of the most practical wisdom the world ever heard,—"Take heed how ye hear." And he who spake these words, always when he called on the multitude to "hear," followed the call, by profitable counsel. We consider *The Invisible Gentleman* a rather common place book; but yet it reminded us of Godwin's magnificent novel of *St. Leon*: the moral of both books turning mainly upon the fatal exercise of the gift of powers not usually conferred upon mankind, and which the Giver of all good did not bestow, probably, in mercy to his frail creatures. Passing by the absurdity of the plan, the hero's difficulties are naturally developed. The story of the bell (which becomes somewhat pathetic at the close of the mystery,)—the adventures with the thieves, and the change of clothes which occasioned so much disgrace and distress, are good examples of the difficulty of preserving integrity, when we have once departed from the paths of Truth. They show clearly how certainly Falsehood multiplies and reproduces itself, by the common necessity of taking care of the lie, after it is once told or acted. So it fared with our hero. Having once overcome his scruples, he was almost compelled to sustain his folly to the last. We intended to have made some farther remarks on that part of our subject, which refers, as we have asserted, to "itching ears;" but we dismiss it, lest our readers should think we are not quite in earnest: assuring them honestly, that we as often find matter for grave reflection finally, upon a ludicrous appearance of the surface of things, as upon any other philosophical investigation. And my Lord Bacon says, that "mean and small things often discover great ones, better than great can discover the small."

Our warrant for so discursive a train of thought, is the ordinary custom of the master critics of the day; who treat a book as they do a repent, and select what suits their pleasure, passing by the rest. Indeed we lay no claim to the title of critic, for modern criticism however desultory it has become, still holds a high rank in the annals of the age; giving the very "form and pressure" of the time. Like a well provided ship, that traverses a boundless ocean, Criticism explores the numerous coasts of Science and Literature, and penetrates the various harbors of Art and Invention. Her flag waves over every product of mind, from the profound meditations of the philosopher, to the humble commodities of the "Child's Own Book." The grand discoveries of Science, and her many births and deaths, together with the history of her votaries and amateurs in every class of life—the delicate and subtle analysis of the graceful Fiction—even the popular lectures upon all things, and any thing, which like Briareus, reach out their hundred arms to the general reservoir of the Literature of the age;—all these are touched by the spear and the pruning knife of the critic; though the spear is not always that of an Ithuriel, and the knife, (shall we say it?) is possibly held by a Shylock, who sometimes cuts off (we trust unawares) the flesh nearest the heart; leaving the poor author, "unwept and unhonored" perchance, if not "unsung."

In this emergence, let the moralist readily step forward; he who can in all cases "smile at the dagger, and defy its point;"—and let the Christian bear in mind the general penalty inflicted upon those who "take the sword," that they "perish by the sword."

With keen perceptions of the ready wit of Jeffries, and the consummate sarcasm of Brougham, we yet more admire the calm philosophy, the luminous judgment, and ripe ethics of Mackintosh, as more certain means to possess men's minds

with a love of the truth, and with habits of moral and intellectual analysis, up to the attainment and worship of it. And we look upon the great end of good criticism, to be the discovery, extension, and love of Truth.

We close these desultory remarks; protesting against their being considered an attempt at a regular criticism.—Our light skiff, indeed, has not gone far from land; lest in the words of the old song,—“we meet severe distress,—in venturing out to sea.” Perhaps, too, we are a little fearful, on so treacherous a sea as that of criticism, of getting beyond our depth, and falling down upon Captain Symmes' nether world of hollow speculation. But we think, however short our sail has been, that we have hailed from a true port, and arrived at a safe harbor. From “B. B.” and “Egeria,” Mr Editor, you may expect skilful voyages; while others, less happy in their endowments, must content themselves with a mere excursion of pleasure.

A. E.

Translated by B****, from the Original French, for the Literary Journal.

PHRENOLOGY.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATION OF THE WIDOW LANDON.

A communication of some important facts in relation to the science of Phrenology, has been made to the Journal of *la Société de Civilisation*. In May last, at the request of M. Laloue, a physician in the twelfth *arrondissement*, M. Gourellet, a commissary of police in the quarter called “The Observatory,” invited M. Dumoutier, Professor of Phrenology, to give his opinion respecting the motives of suicide in the case of the Widow Landon, who had died by her own hand, at her house, No. 22, rue de la Vieille-Estrapade. M. Dumoutier was introduced into the chamber where the body lay;—the head only being uncovered;—and commenced his phrenological examination; giving the results, as follows:

EXAMINATION.

“This person, both in her physical and moral constitution, exhibited some strong maternal resemblances. Her disposition was kind and affectionate. She was tenacious in her habits; and must have been very persevering. She was strongly attached to those on whom she bestowed her friendship. She may have been a very good mother. Whenever she was excited to anger, its paroxysms were violent, and she destroyed whatever came into her hands. She must have been subject to fits of sadness; and often spoke of her dark and gloomy thoughts. She was distrustful, and was often anxious and disquieted respecting the future. She had also great anxiety in relation to the opinions which others entertained of her, and often made herself unhappy by the inquiry, “what will people say?”—or “what will people think?” She evinced religious sentiments. She put faith in the dogmas of religion; and she was honest and just in all her dealings. She was industrious and economical; and being methodical and dexterous, she must have been able to maintain herself by her labor. Her designs may have exhibited intelligence and shrewdness; but she does not appear to have received all the cultivation of which she was susceptible. Her recollection of words and epochs was not strong: she must therefore have with difficulty committed them to memory; have soon forgotten dates, and had but a very imperfect conception of time or duration:—while, on the contrary, her memory of forms and places enabled her easily to recognize persons whom she had seen, and places through which she had passed; and caused her to enjoy picturesque views and situations. She was affected by music, and more particularly by music of a sacred character.—In fine, the motives which led to the fatal determination of this woman, I think must be attributed to a mental alienation, of the character of *lypemanies*, (melancholy madness), the distant cause of which must have been her extreme disquietude respecting the opinions which were entertained of her by others, the excitement of religious feelings, and of those of duty and justice, together with a disappointment of early affections, either through indifference or some other cause; added to an excessive or maniac activity of the faculties of courage and destructiveness.”

Next is an extract from the *procès verbal* of the Inquest which was holden on the occasion of the suicide of the Wid-

ow Landon;—taken from the Register Journal of M. Gourellet.

EXTRACT FROM THE PROCÈS VERBAL.

“It appears by the inquest, and the testimony of witnesses, that most of the observations made by M. Dumoutier upon the cranium, are confirmed as true:—that, in fact, the Widow Landon was a woman of good character, and of an intelligent mind:—that her conduct was regular, and her disposition agreeable, but quick and susceptible:—that she was pious, and had formerly been deeply so; as was shown by letters between herself and a priest, which were found in her apartment:—that she was sober, orderly and economical:—that she excelled in needle-work, particularly in embroidery, which was her occupation:—that her musical taste was very good, and that she played well on the guitar:—that she was affectionate; her attachment to her husband having been very great, and her love for children unusually strong:—that she had had two, both of whom she had lost; on which occasion her melancholy was so deep that her health became seriously impaired:—and that of late, she had evinced great anxiety respecting her reputation; her mind having been continually rendered uneasy by the idea that injurious reports concerning her, were in circulation, and that she was to be arrested and conveyed to the hospital.”

To these two documents, the following biographical sketch is annexed, in the Journal of *la Société de Civilisation*.

MEMOIR OF THE WIDOW LANDON.

We annex, for the consideration and study of our readers, an account of the circumstances connected with the tragical event which caused the foregoing phrenological examination; and in order that all may have the means of enlightened conviction, we give it together with a report of the striking facts by which it was accompanied. We believe that a statement of the principal events in the life of the Widow Landon will not be useless: as an examination of these will explain the causes of the dreadful suicide which terminated her existence. In this, one may see the result of a whole life; for it is but the last step into an abyss, towards which this unfortunate woman had been continually and gradually approaching. It also exhibits a painful but instructive picture of the unequal contest between two opposite tendencies, one of which appears as if impelled towards the commission of an irrevocably determined act, even without power to avoid the use of the most terrific means among those which its execution seems to require.

The Widow Landon, whose maiden name was Marie-Brigitte Blainvillain, had resided for six months, in the house No. 25, rue de la Vieille-Estrapade. She was forty years of age.—Her parents being poor, she was brought up under the care of pious females, the ladies Desbray, of the community of Foreign Missions; who, from the time of her infancy, remarked her great docility, and her strong affection for those from whom she received kindness and attention. She had scarcely attained her tenth year, when a circumstance of apparently little importance, left upon her mind a vivid impression; and gave birth to an idea or presentiment, which, although sometimes forgotten or obscured for a moment, soon returned, and could never be obliterated.

The father of Brigitte had died of a wound in his neck, which he had made in an attempt at suicide. Her mother noticing, one day, probably for the first time, a projecting line on the neck of her daughter, exclaimed with surprise, “Ah, poor child! there is a consequence of my terror.”—The curiosity of the girl was awakened; and she at length learned from her mother, the circumstances attending her father's death, and the means which he had employed in his design of self-destruction. The feelings of Brigitte were painfully excited by this narrative. Nothing, worthy of remark, however, occurred during her youth, except that her gaiety of spirits gradually disappeared, and was at last succeeded by a gloomy melancholy and a strong desire for solitude. Nevertheless, she became a wife and a mother; and the happiness of a well assorted union appeared, for some time, to oppose and weaken the strength of that presentiment or predisposition, beneath which she was destined to sink at last.

But she lost her husband: and from that hour, her melancholy sensibly increased, while her desire for solitude was

heightened, by the value which she attached to her reputation. She was still young; and her youth, her widowhood, her beautiful features, the touching expression of which had not been affected even by misfortune; her isolated life, and indeed every circumstance connected with her situation, induced a reserve in all her habits and arrangements, from which she was rigidly cautious never to depart. She lived by the industry of her own hands, and was unusually skilful in every description of embroidery. Her superfluous earnings were devoted to charitable purposes. This mode of life was very far from placing her in any situation in which the world might exhibit a less sombre or gloomy hue, for it brought to her melancholy spirit, but few rays of hope and happiness. Solitude is but a dangerous counsellor for an excited and diseased imagination:—it cherishes the erroneous fancies and increases the delirium of the sufferer, until the irregular and unmeasured activity of one mental faculty destroys the equilibrium of the whole; and a derangement is produced, which soon results in mental alienation. To this state of moral derangement the Widow Landon had, by degrees, arrived.

During her fits of melancholy, she several times mentioned her desire to commit suicide. In one instance, she was detected in the act of throwing herself from a window. Unaffected by the advice and intercessions of her friends; she continued in her solitary and reserved habits, and was, at length, evidently under the influence of a decided monomania. She reproached herself for evil deeds which she had never done; and condemned herself to every species of penance and deprivation, in order that these might be expiated. She considered herself despised and condemned by the whole neighborhood; and in her hallucinations, insisted that she heard people addressing her with the most offensive and contemptuous epithets. Two days before the event which terminated her life, she made this a subject of conversation with an individual who accompanied her on a walk. She then betrayed a more than usual degree of agitation; and on their return, her friend after many entreaties, prevailed upon Brigitte to remain and sleep with her. On the next day, she complained of severe head-ache and other indisposition. About the middle of the day, she said, with an appearance of perfect calmness, that she desired to rest upon her own bed; and soon after, descended to her own apartment. In order to be secure from intrusion, she turned the key in the lock within; and having thus taken every precaution against the untimely entrance of any other person, the unfortunate woman proceeded to the accomplishment of her fatal purpose.

Some time thus elapsed; during which, her friend, believing her to be asleep upon the bed, was unwilling to disturb her repose. But, at length, she began to be disquieted. She went to the door of the chamber, and called to Brigitte; but received no answer. She inquired if Brigitte had gone out: no one had seen her. Suddenly, a thought flashed upon her mind. “She has killed herself,” exclaimed she, in accents of despair; and burst into tears. The neighbors were alarmed, and instantly sent a messenger for the commissary of police, in whose presence, the chamber was formally opened. What a spectacle was there presented!

Brigitte was extended upon the floor; which, as well as her dress, was completely drenched with blood, from a deep wound in her neck. We cannot record all the conjectures which arose from an inspection of the body and of the different objects by which it was surrounded. But the astonishment of all who were present, may be imagined, when after having removed the body, they discovered the vocal organ (the larynx) lying at some distance from the spot, in a situation which proved that in her frenzied desperation, she must have removed and cast it there before she fell. But notwithstanding this terrible self-mutilation, and the unutterable agony which she must have endured, her features were unchanged; they still appeared to reflect the character of her kind and affectionate soul, with an expression of almost angelic sweetness. Every thing around her, denoted her habits of order and neatness; and the most perfect arrangement was exhibited in all the simple furniture of her apartment. On her right hand, opposite the window, was a closet, one door of which stood open. On one of the shelves, was a dull table-knife; which, by the spots of blood that it

exhibited, had evidently been first used. Another, resembling it in appearance, but more bloody, lay upon the floor, near her right hand; proving that after having in vain attempted to despatch herself with the first, and not finding it sufficiently sharp, she had selected the other for the completion of her object. If to this we add the fact, that during the gradual accomplishment of her design, her protracted sufferings must have been terrible beyond description, and that still, not a groan was uttered, not a sound was heard; for the slightest cry would have brought to her rescue, those who were alarmed and anxious for her welfare; we may imagine the terrific degree of intensity to which that power had arrived, which during the whole of her life, had been impelling her to suicide.

"She must have been very persevering," said the author of the phrenological examination which is above detailed. Yes, she *was* persevering:—*persevering* in her thought of suicide, which had remained from the moment when she heard the deplorable recital of her father's death:—*persevering* in the means which she selected for the execution of her terrible project:—*persevering*, in short, in the great, leading, absorbing thought of her whole life—her predilection. *Predilection*, did I say? That word implies examination—comparison—freedom of choice:—but the unfortunate Brigitte Landon appears to have obeyed, through her whole life, the mandates of an inexorable power, to which some of our readers may perhaps have already applied the name of *fidelity*.

For the Literary Journal.

TO A SCHOOL-MATE.

Beneath life's sunny sky
We meet—and part;
But ne'er will feeling die,
Which, 'round the heart,
E'en like a sunbeam, deep and purely cast,
Weaves a bright halo 'round the buried past.

For friendship such as thine
Is ne'er forgot—
A wreath that long shall twine,
And perish not.
The parting hour may come—but there are ties,
That live unchanged, till recollection dies.

Oh, whence have sped the hours—
Our little day?
Gone like summer flowers—
All passed away!
So brief the sunny morn of life doth seem—
A fancied vision or a passing dream!

But many a star shall beam
Upon that page—
A bright undying gleam,
Undimmed by age;
Like that from yon pure gems, profusely set,
Forever glowing in Night's coronet. JANE.

Translated for the Literary Journal.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

"Solo e pensoso i piu deserti campi."

Pensive and sad, the solitary plain
I wander o'er, with hesitating pace;
And here and there, with eager glances, strain,
Of human foot to lose the slightest trace.
I find, alas, no other resting place
From the keen eye of man:—the outward show
Of joys gone by, but leaves upon the face
The furrow of the flame that burns below.
And now, alas, each leafy mount and plain,
Each murmuring stream, and shady forest know
The life which I from others hide in vain;
And e'en as through the wildest tracts I go,
Love whispers in my ear, his tender strain—
Which I, with trembling lip, repeat to him again.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1834.

MELANGE.

Our file presents a variety of communications and other manuscript articles, which, although not of sufficient length to claim separate insertion, are in many instances, of too much value to be entirely laid aside. From these, a selection has been made for the present number; and may, perhaps, be continued on some future occasions, under the above general title.

ROUSSEAU.

The history of this extraordinary man presents him in a singular point of view. Author of many brilliant productions on morals, politics, &c., he commenced his career, as he himself says, by being a liar, pretender, and thief. He confesses actions of the greatest baseness that ever were committed; and yet states, in the commencement of his biography, his opinion that every man is equally culpable with himself. One of these actions is the following: having stolen some petty article, he accused a servant girl of the theft, and saw her tried and condemned, without owning it. Born of obscure parents, this immortal genius passed the first thirty years of his life in various menial situations; and at one time, rode behind a nobleman's carriage, as a valet.—(This fact, though stated in the *Biographie Universelle*, is thought by many to be doubtful.) He wrote nothing until thirty-seven years of age, when he received a prize for a dissertation from the Academy of Dijon. No man ever gave such eloquent pictures of passionate attachment as are to be found in his writings; yet, in fact, he spent the greater part of his life with a low and vulgar woman, completely under her influence; and finally married her, to the vexation and disgust of his friends. After giving the most philosophical rules on Education, the duties of parents, &c., his own children, five in number, were sent on the birth of each, to the "Hospital des Enfants," and were never afterwards seen by him. He was the most restless, unhappy of men; and while his works commanded the admiration of his age, he himself was but too justly disliked by every one of his acquaintance. He lived in poverty and without respect, while his works passed through an immense number of editions. In short, Rousseau was an instance of brilliant insanity; and the few triumphant and lasting specimens of his genius are sadly counterbalanced by a life wanting in every requisite for usefulness or happiness. J. F. A.

MATURIN.

The celebrated Maturin was accustomed to compose in company, with a wafer on his forehead, indicating to his family, silence. At this time, whatever company arrived, he took no notice of them. He was, at times, a complete dandy, at others, extremely slovenly. It was observed, that in the morning he always preached extremely well; but in the afternoon, when the audience was small, he was languid.—He used to visit a dancing-school, for the purpose of sharing in the amusement, of which he was fond to excess. He confessed that he preached from interest, and not from feeling. He was a fascinating companion, but his works sold for a trifle. With respect to his wife, who was very ugly and a great singer, he used to say that he had bartered his liberty for a song. At times, he drank excessively, when engaged in composition;—as many as seven or eight tumblers of punch in an evening. These anecdotes were given me by one of his personal acquaintance. J. F. A.

FRENCH ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The veterinary hospitals, for the treatment of sick horses and other animals, is situated in the village of Alfort, distant about two (French) leagues from Paris. It has a very rich library and also a very extensive collection of anatomical preparations, in which the structure and diseases of the horse are exhibited and illustrated; and likewise a large assortment of surgical instruments expressly calculated for the service of the peculiar patients under treatment. Lectures are delivered at particular seasons, by skilful Professors, exactly as they are in the hospitals of Paris. The *clinical*

visits are made daily at six o'clock in the morning. The pulse of a sick horse is felt underneath and within the lower jaw. We found there, something more than twenty patients that appeared to be very fine animals. The daily expenses of a sick horse at this establishment amounts to fifty sous. There are generally about sixty or seventy patients there at once. Most of the students, after being thoroughly instructed in the principles of *brute medicine*, are sent out as practitioners, to manage the epidemic diseases of horses and cattle in the neighboring country. I cannot but think that this institution is most deserving of imitation in our own country. The medical treatment of domesticated animals certainly ought to be studied as a science, as well as that of the human race; and there are surely cases, in which the life of a horse is as well worth saving as that of a man. This hospital is by no means confined to horses:—cattle, sheep and other domestic animals are admitted; and receive such attention and medical treatment as are adapted to their different species and diseases. J. F. A.

THE RIVER NIGER.

During all the attempts which were made to discover the course of the Niger previous to the solution of the mystery by the Messrs Lander, it is remarkable that so little attention was given to the statements respecting the river, which are contained in the work of Leo Africanus. By this book, which was written at Rome, in 1526, it appears that he twice visited Timbuctoo. Having accompanied his father on an embassy from the King of Fez, he afterwards made a second visit as a merchant. He gives a description of Timbuctoo or Tombuto; and says that the Niger runs from thence to Guinea or Jinnea, and even to Melli, which joins the ocean at the place where the Nile empties itself: and that the traders who are going to Guinea or Melli, enter their boats on the Niger, at Cabra, which is about twelve miles from Timbuctoo.

IMPORTANCE OF A COMMA.

When the infamous Eleanor, queen of the First Edward of England had determined upon murdering her husband, she consulted the head of the Church, as to its expediency. The Pope returned the following answer, written in Latin, as was then usual with all clerical documents; and of which Eleanor and her bloody confederates knew as much as they did of the Chaldaic:

"Edvardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est."

Literally, "Slay not King Edward, to fear (that is, to be cautious, is good.)"

The Pope's Legate, who was one of the conspirators, and to whom this bull was directed, erased the comma after "nolite," and inserted it after "timere;" making the sentence read thus:

"Edvardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est."

"Be not afraid to kill King Edward, it is a good action."

Armed with this authority, the conspirators murdered the unhappy monarch, with circumstances of the most frightful cruelty.

HORSES WITHOUT PATRIOTISM.

During Napoleon's Russian campaign in 1812, Murat having given orders for a charge of cavalry, to General Nansouti, who commanded a division, it was but feebly and inefficiently executed, owing to the previous exhaustion of the horses through hunger and fatigue. Murat, having severely reproached the General for his failure, received the following answer; "Sire, how can I do any better?—the soldiers fight very well without bread; but these vile horses have no patriotism without their oats."

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.—De Witt Clinton.—The Iron Mask.—On Many Things.—Phrenological Examination and Memoir of the Widow Landon: (Translation).—Melange.—Poetry.—To a School-Mate.—Sonnet, from Petrarch: (Translation.)

SELECTIONS.—Debate in the London Medical Society, on the Cause of the Asiatic Cholera.—A Country Funeral.—The Fixed Stars.—The Deserters.—Conversation of Men of Genius.—Milton.—Poetry.—The Knavery of the World.—Sunrise at Sea.—The Phantom Kings.—The Mourner.

Miscellaneous Selections.

From "The Seven Sages of Rome," 1607.

THE KNAVERIE OF THE WORLDE,

SET FORTH IN HOMELIKE VERSE, BY CORNELIUS MAY.

Ah me! throughout the worlde
Doth wickednesse abounde!
And well I wot, on neither hande
Can honestie be founde.

The wisest man in Athens
Aboute the citie ran
With a lanthorne, in the light of daie,
To find an honeste man;

And when at night he sate him downe
To reckon of his gaines,
He only founde—alack, poore man!
His labor for his paines.

And see, thou now shalt finde
Alle men of all degree
Striving, as if their only trade
Were that of cheating thee.

Thy friend will bid thee welcome;
His servants at thy call—
The dearest friende he has on earth—
Till he has wonne thy alle.

He will play with thee at dice,
Till thy golde is in his hande;
He will meete thee at the tennis-court,
Till he winne all thy lande.

The brother of thy youth
When he shared booke and bedde,
Would eat himself the sugar-plums,
And leave thee barley bread:

But growing up to manhood,
His heart is colder grown;
Aske, in thy neede, for barley bread;
And he'll give thee a stone.

The wife whom thou dost blesse,
Alack, she is thy curse—
A bachelor's an evil state,
But a married man's is worse.

The lawyer at his deske,
Good lawe will promise thee,
Until thy very last groat
Is given for his fee.

Thy baker and thy brewer
Doe wronge thee night and morne;
And thy miller, he doth grinde thee
In grinding of thy corne.

Thy goldsmith and thy jeweller
Are leagued in knavish sorte,
And the ell-wand of thy tailor
It is an inch too shorte.

Thy cooke hath made thy dish
From the offals on the shelve,
While fishe and fowle and savourie herbes
Are served to himselfe.

The valet thou dost trust,
Smooth-tongued and placid-faced,
Doth weare thy brilliants in his cappe—
And thou wearest his of paste.

Alack! thou canst not finde
Of high or lowe degree,
In cott, or court, or cabinett,
A man of honestie.

There is not in the worlde,
Northe, Southe, or East, or Weste,
Who would maintaine a righteous cause
Against his intereste.

Ah me! it grieves me sore,
And I sorrowe, nighte and daie,
To see how man's arch-enemie
Doth leade his soule astraie.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON, OF CALCUTTA.

The stars have melted in the morning air—
The white moon waneth dim.—The glorious sun,
Slow rising from the cold cerulean main,
Now shoots through broken clouds, his upward beams,
That kindle into day. At length his orb,
Reddening the ocean verge with sudden blaze,
Awakes a smiling world; the dull gray mist
Is scattered, and the sea-view opens wide!

—The glossy waves
Are touched with joy, and dance in sparkling throngs
Around the gallant bark. The roseate clouds
Rest on the warm horizon,—like far hills,

Their radiant outlines gleam in yellow light,
And o'er their shadowy range, a thin acid floats,
Like wreaths of smoke from far-off beacon-fires.

The deep blue vault is streaked with golden bars,
Like veins in wealthy mines; and where the rays
Of day's refulgent orb are lost in air,
In small round masses shine the fleecy clouds
As bright as snow-clad bowers, when sudden gleams
Flash on the frozen earth.

Ascending high
The gorgeous steps of heaven, the dazzling sun
Contracts his disk, and rapidly assumes
A silver radiance—glittering like a globe
Of diamond spars!

THE PHANTOM KINGS.

BY MISS JEWELL.

A sound woke in the spirit-land
Of voices and of wings;
A sound, as when the gathered wind
In the old pine forest sings;
As if in air profound,
Hovered a sea of sound.

The monarchs of the spirit-land,
The shadows of renown,
With the symbols of their old estate,
Sceptre, and robe, and crown;—
Another, and another,
Rose up to meet a brother.

A brother from the living-land
Came down to join the dead,
With knighthood and with kingliness
On brow and aspect shed:—
And thus with welcome—him
Bespake those shadows dim.

"All hail! and welcome, brother,
From feasting and from strife,
From all the golden canopies
And thorny beds of life!
From flatterer and from foe;
False joy, and real woe!

Hast thou been called a victor?
Is thy land trophied well?
Come down—and with our conquerors
Choose out a place to dwell:
They ruled from East to West;
They are phantoms now, and rest.

Look not back to earth, crowned spirit,
But a moment since set free:
We are strange—but thou art one of us,
And now to man would be
As much a thing to dread,
As if long ages dead!

Come with us;—all thy fathers
Have joined us one by one,
And all of every age and clime,
That ruled beneath the sun;
We have the first king here;—
The last too shall appear.

With fathers of their people,
With slayers of their race,
With chiefs of slave-girt palaces,
Come down and choose thy place;
To be one with us forever!
For ever! and for ever!"

And sound died in the spirit-land
Of voices and of wings;
And awfully and silently,
Moved back the phantom-kings!
To their appointed doom
Of glory or of gloom!

THE MOURNER.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Night closes in; yon dim red star
Departing twilight comes to tell;
And whispering breezes waft from far
The music of the vesper bell.

Oh, not one lingering sound beside
Breaks on the soft and stilly air,
The moon is slumbering on the tide,
And all is calm—and all is fair.

All, all, save in the mourner's breast,
Where sorrowing memory will not sleep;
Without! the world is gone to rest;
Within! the heart remains to weep.

True friendship is like sound health—the value of it is seldom known until it is lost.

SHISHAK'S VICTORY OVER REHOBOAM.—The truth of this part of Sacred History has truly received a most remarkable confirmation. One of the great palaces of the Egyptian kings at Karnak was partly built by Shishak, or as the Egyptians called him, Sheshonk; and on one of the walls, which is still standing, Champollion, during his visit to Thebes in 1828, discovered a piece of sculpture representing the victories of this Pharaoh, who is dragging the chiefs of thirty conquered nations to the idols worshipped at Thebes. Among the captives, is one, the hieroglyphics upon whose shield contain the words *Ioudaba Malek*, which means King of Judah. The figure, therefore, represents Rehoboam, the only Jewish king vanquished by Shishak; and thus, after the lapse of two thousand eight hundred years, we have the unexceptionable testimony of an enemy, to the faithfulness of Scripture History.—*Outlines of Sacred History.*

TRUTH IS POWER.—Some men say that "wealth is power," and some, that "knowledge is power;" above them all, I would assert that "truth is power." Wealth cannot overreach—authority cannot silence her; they all, like Felix, tremble at her presence. Fling her in the most tremendous billows of popular commotion; cast her in the seven fold heated furnace of the tyrant's wrath; she mounts aloft in the ark upon the summit of the deluge; she walks with the Son of God, untouched, through the conflagration. She is the ministering spirit which shed on man that bright and indestructible principle of life, light and glory, which is given by his mighty Author, to animate, to illumine, and inspire the immortal soul; and which, like himself, "is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." When wealth, and talent, and knowledge, and authority: when earth and heaven itself, shall have passed away, Truth shall rise, like the angel of Manah's sacrifice, upon the flame of nature's funeral pyre, and ascend to her source, her heaven, and her home—the bosom of the holy and eternal God.

LITERARY ANECDOTE.—I recollect an anecdote told me by a late highly respectable inhabitant of Windsor, as a fact to which he could personally testify, having occurred in a village where he resided several years, and where he actually was at the time it took place. The blacksmith of the village had got hold of "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," and used to read it aloud in the long winter evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have an attentive audience. It is a pretty long-winded book: but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrives which brings the hero and heroine together, and set them living long and happily, according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and, procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing.—*Sir John Herschel.*

NOBLE SENTIMENT.—I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time is come wherein I should resign it; and when I cannot live in my own country but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shows me, I ought to keep myself out of it.—*Algernon Sidney.*

SHERIDAN.—A friend having pointed out to Mr Sheridan that Lord Kenyon had fallen asleep at the first representation of Pizarro, and that too, in the midst of Rolla's fine speech to the Peruvian soldiers, the dramatist felt rather mortified; but instantly recovering his usual good humor, he said, "Ah, poor man! Let him sleep, he thinks he is on the Bench."

The following story, which, whether true or not, is by no means incredible, serves to illustrate one of the many inconsistencies of human nature:

A Prussian soldier stationed near Berlin, was so powerfully affected by unrequited love, that he attempted to drown himself. He was saved, however, at the last gasp; and afterwards put under guard, to prevent a renewal of the attempt; but he shortly escaped, and determined, as it seemed, to be drowned, again took up his line of march for the river. A comrade pursued him, but finding himself distanced by the unfortunate lover, levelled his piece and threatened to discharge it unless the fugitive stood still; who thereupon faced about and returned: the fear of being killed, overcoming the desire of being drowned.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL,

Is published every Saturday, at No. 9, Market Square, Providence, R. I. Terms—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance; or three dollars, at the end of the year. Every person obtaining six subscribers, and being responsible for the same, will be entitled to receive a seventh copy, gratis. All letters and communications on business, are to be directed, post paid to

J. KNOWLES & Co.
Publishers and Proprietors.